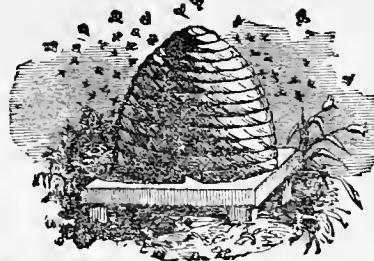


JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

"BUT WITH ALL THY GETTING
GET UNDERSTANDING."



TIHERE IS NO EXCELLENCE
WITHOUT LABOR.

VOL 2.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 1, 1867.

NO. 13.

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

WHAT cruel act is this picture intended to illustrate? The murder of some poor, little, innocent babe by order of the king, who, we may notice, sits exalted on his throne, while the poor mother in agony and tears, pleads for the life of her child to be spared? No, not so! The king is one whose wisdom is as much talked about, and as much a proverb, as the strength of Samson, the faithfulness of Abraham, or the patience of Job. He is Solomon, son of David and king of Israel!

The Lord loved Solomon as he had loved David when David walked in His ways. For Solomon, when he first came to be the king of Israel, strove to keep the commandments of his God. In those days the nation over which he reigned had grown mighty in number, in riches, and in the blessings of the Lord; but as yet they had built no house to the honor of His name. Solomon, however, offered sacrifices to the Lord in the high places of Israel, at one of which, called Gibeon, he offered a thousand sacrifices on its altar at one time. While "in Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night; and the Lord said 'ask what I shall give thee.'" Solomon asked the Lord for wisdom. What for? So that he might be able to discern between good and evil, and judge with justice and truth the mighty people over whom the Lord had made him king. This speech pleased the Lord; and He told Solomon that as he had desired neither riches, nor long life, nor the lives of his enemies, He would give him the wisdom for which he prayed and add thereto riches and honor also. Solomon soon after returned to Jerusalem, where in a short time his wisdom was put to the test.

One day two women came into his presence; one carried a dead infant in her arms, the other had a living one. The one who had the dead child spoke first. My lord, she said, this woman and I dwell together by ourselves in one house. A little while ago I became the mother of a boy; three days after this

woman had a son also, and there was no one in the house but we two. In the night she laid on her child so that it died. At midnight, when I was asleep, she came to my bed, and took my child which was alive, and laid her dead one by my side. When I awoke in the morning, I found the dead child, and when I examined it I found it was not mine, but the woman's who lived with me. Compel her, O king to give me back my child.

The other woman said, not so, my lord, the living child is mine, the dead is hers. I did not change it as she says; her story is not true. But the woman who first spoke still declared that her tale was the true one, while the other continued denying having changed the children.

What was to be done? One woman was as worthy of belief as the other. Neither had they any one to prove their statements. Who could tell to whom the living child belonged? The king made no decree; but said "fetch me a sword." When the sword was brought, he ordered one of his attendants to take the living child and sever it in halves, and give half to each woman, as one appeared to have as much right to the child as the other as far as he could tell from their words.

This may seem very cruel of Solomon, and did no doubt appear so to some who stood round him who did not know his motives in giving such an order. Solomon knew better than to kill the child; he wanted to know what the women would say to the child being cut in halves. Now, mark the difference. The one who brought the living child and who was accused of having changed it, did not oppose the killing of the babe. She said to the woman who accused her: very good, do as the king says, let it be neither mine nor thine, but divide it. The other woman, however, plead before the king for him not to kill it. Give her the living child, she said, and in no wise slay it. I would rather that she should have it than it should be killed.



Give her the child, said the king, she is the mother; her story is true, for she has proved by her desire to save the life of the little one that it is her son, while the other who brought it here, by her willingness to have it killed, proves she is not the mother of the boy. No mother would thus consent to the murder of her child.

When the people heard this decree they were filled with joy, and praised the Lord for the gift he had conferred on their ruler for their benefit.

There are a great many other facts mentioned to prove that the Lord had fulfilled his promise; but Solomon did not always cleave to the Lord. Though he had the privilege of building the temple of the Lord in Jerusalem, though the kings and queens of the far-off nations of the earth came to honor him and listen to his words of wisdom, though his people increased in power and in riches and in numbers also, yet in his old age he forgot the God of his fathers, and turned to worshipping the gods of his strange wives whom he had taken out of many lands. He was not content with taking the daughters of Israel to wife, but he went and made alliances with the rulers of the neighboring nations, and married their daughters, the princesses of those people. This displeased the Lord, for he did not wish his covenant people to mix in marriage with the gentiles or heathen, but to keep them a peculiar people to himself. These wives of Solomon brought their gods with them, and prevailed upon the king to bow down and worship them. This, as you may well judge, greatly displeased the Lord, and he appeared to Solomon in a vision of the night and told him that because of his wickedness, he would divide his kingdom in the days of his son, so that the greater part should be rent from the rule of his descendants. When Solomon had reigned over Israel forty years he died and was buried in the city of David, and Rehoboam, his son, reigned in his stead; in whose days ten of the twelve tribes of Israel revolted from the rule of the seed of David, according to the word of the Lord to Solomon.

G. R.

WHY? WHAT FOR?

I KNOW a little boy who often asks the reason of things. This does very well when he is studying his lesson, but, unfortunately, that is just the time when we hear it least frequently. He lets many things in his lessons pass without trying to understand them, but when his father or his mother tells him to do anything, he says "why?" and "what for?" To say the least, it is in very bad taste to call in question the judgment of his parents. They are much older than he, and God has put him under their care, to judge for him until he shall be old enough to judge for himself. It is recorded even of Christ, after he was twelve years old, that he lived with his parents and was subject unto them; probably until he was of age. This among the Jews is at thirty.

I heard of a boy the other day who would doubtless have lost his life if he had stopped to ask "why?" and "what for?" before obeying. He was travelling with his parents in England. The cars in that country are usually divided off into rooms, with doors opening out on the sides.

On one portion of the route the view was very fine. The track lay along the edge of some high cliffs overlooking a beautiful bay. Far below were children on the beach at play and the water was dotted with white sails of yachts and pleasure boats. In order to get a better view, the little man jumped off the seat and leaned against the door.

"Freddy," said his mother, "do not lean against the door."

Without stopping to ask *why* his mother made such a

request, he immediately sat down again, though he could not see nearly so well. He had hardly done so when the door flew open. Freddy looked somewhat alarmed at his narrow escape, and his mother threw her arms around him. "My son," said she after a moment, her eyes beaming with tender love, "you know how many times I have made you obey me promptly, even against your will. You see now that this *prompt obedience* has probably saved your life."

Another, a little fellow in Prussia, was playing on the railroad track just as a train was about to pass. His father saw him, but he could not run to save him; it was his duty to move the switch, or else the whole train would probably be dashed to pieces. So he called out to the child "Lie down!" and the child obeyed the strange command without a question. He lay right down there on the bare ground, and the whole train passed over him without hurting a hair of his head.

God bless the brave little fellow! He is worth a whole regiment of your why-and-what-for boys.—*Selected.*

Uncle Gregory's Visits.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

VISIT VI.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

THE next morning Mary and Ellen arose from their beds. They were joyous and happy. Do you know, my little friends, why they were joyous and happy? I will tell you. They always went to bed early, and arose early in the morning. They believed in the little verse they learned at Sunday-school:

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes us healthy, wealthy and wise."

There are some little girls who do not like to go early to bed, but who would rather stay up until their parents go. These little folks do not enjoy the good health that those do who go to bed in good time. They are not so good looking, but look pale and sickly; they are peevish and cross; because they do not enjoy good health; and therefore are not so happy, for to be happy one ought to be healthy and full of life and vigor. Little girls require plenty of sleep. They never should be out of bed after seven o'clock in the winter, or after eight in the summer; and always rise early in the morning. There is nothing more injurious or destructive to health, my little friends, than *late hours*.

Mary and Ellen had a pretty little bed room, plainly but neatly furnished; and so clean and tidy that it was a little paradise. A French bedstead stood in the corner of the room, covered with a snow-white counterpane or quilt; over their boxes two white covers were spread; and two or three chairs, with wash and stand and basin, &c., completed the furniture. This room the girls had to keep clean and tidy themselves, and it was a credit to them. When they arose from their beds they washed and dressed themselves, for they had been taught that "cleanliness was akin to godliness," and they would not have thought of appearing at the breakfast table unwashed, with hair all entangled. They had been taught to act differently, and they would not have been allowed to sit down to breakfast until they had done so. Mamma had also given them, each a nice soft tooth brush and a little box of tooth powder, which she had prepared herself, of equal parts of powdered bayberry,

white pond lily root and prepared charcoal; which kept their teeth clean and their gums free from canker. My dear children, I am thus particular in describing their mode of life to make my *visits* not only pleasing but instructive. Preserve your teeth by cleanliness.

This morning as they were seated round the breakfast table, the conversation turned upon the Bible story, that mamma had told them the previous evening. Mary asked her mamma if God provided for them.

"Yes, my dear child," answered mamma, "it is by the providence of God that we are all sustained, and he provides for all those who put their trust in Him. You remember the hymn you learned at Sunday school commencing.

'God moves in a mysterious way.
His wonders to perform.'

That hymn, my children," said mamma, "is true, and was surely written in a moment of inspiration, and the greatest lesson we have to learn in life is to *acknowledge the hand of the Lord in all things*.

But how does the Lord provide for us, mamma?" asked little Ellen.

He blesses papa with health and vigor to work, wisdom and prudence in his business, gives him favor in the eyes of his employer, and strength to overcome temptation, that he does not waste his means and health in drinking fiery liquors or smoking tobacco," replied mamma, "and, consequently, we have the comforts of life, and enjoy peace and happiness; all glory to our heavenly Father, for unto him alone it is due. I intend to take you this afternoon to see a number of little girls who have neither father nor mother, but who are orphans, and who are entirely provided for by the Lord. The gentleman who conducts the establishment, has lived by faith, and the Lord has blessed him and given him means to provide for hundreds of poor children, who, but for him, might be friendless."

The girls were delighted at the promised treat, and soon learned their lessons, wrote their copies and finished their sums. Mamma was very pleased with their application, and after dinner they prepared for their walk. The establishment they were about to visit was situated a few miles out of town; therefore they had to take the cars, which landed them within a half mile of the orphans' home.

It was a lovely afternoon, all nature seemed glad, and the girls enjoyed their ride very much; and then the delightful walk in the country, to breathe the pure air, gaze upon the soft blue sky, and watch the light fleecy clouds as they seemed to chase each other in the azure heavens, to hear the song of the lark as he soared upward, thrilling his song of love and praise to the Author of his existence; to pull wild flowers and form them into fanciful posies and feel the freedom of purity and peace, can alone be fully appreciated by those who dwell in crowded cities, when they have the opportunity of enjoying such scenes!

Do you not think, my little friends, that Mary and Ellen loved to play and enjoy themselves? Truly they did. Ah! what is more joyous to see than the innocent play of childhood, not loud, rude, romping; but the free happy enjoyment of youth in all its purity. If there is anything that gladdens the heart of UNCLE GREGORY it is to witness a happy well conducted children's party—the *hope of Israel* enjoying themselves in the dance.

At last they reached the gates of the pleasure grounds wherein was the object of their visit. They passed through the gates into a very pleasant pleasure ground, laid out very tastily in flower beds. Here bloomed roses of every hue, pinks carnations, pansies, and verbenia of all colors; the walks were nicely kept, and "order reigned around." They entered the building, visited the kitchen and the wash and ironing rooms,

and there was everything necessary for cooking and washing, and all so nicely clean, polished tins, shining like burnished silver; nothing but what was absolutely needed and in use, here was a display of economy and judgment! They passed on to the bed rooms; the girls were delighted with the pretty little iron bedsteads or cots, with their snow white quilts in the large, well ventilated rooms. They were arranged in rows on each side of the rooms, and here was again seen neatness and order; no extravagance and yet no want of any thing essential. They next visited the childrens' play room, where they kept their toys, and here every thing was also in order. The children were taught to put their toys away when they had finished playing with them. There were many children in this establishment, and unless there had been this order, there would have been nothing but confusion. Of course, Mary and Ellen were very interested in all they saw, especially in the toys, and admired very much the care that was taken of everything.

To be Continued.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

A GOOD MOTTO.

A HEATHEN prince said, on a certain occasion, "I write benefits on marble, and injuries in sand."

What a beautiful motto; it must have emanated from a noble heart. It is a sentiment which, if not already possessed, should be adopted by every Latter-day Saint. It should be loved and cherished by the young—it should be printed indelibly on the tablet of every heart.

It is a mark of goodness, to remember benefits. Gratitude is a very ennobling virtue, while ingratitude is a very debasing vice. By nourishing a feeling of ingratitude, we sin against ourselves by shutting from our hearts a portion of the sweetest fragrance of social life; and we sin against God by diminishing those powers with which He has liberally endowed us, and which, if properly cultivated, would make us good and happy.

To feel that we have been injured is very unpleasant, and the sooner it is forgotten, the better; unless it is necessary, as is sometimes the case, that a remembrance should be retained merely as a monitor, to prevent us from exposing ourselves to a repetition of the same mischief; and then we should try to cultivate a feeling of pity towards those who have injured us, knowing that evil-doers are sure to meet their punishment. Those who willfully do wrong, make themselves really objects of pity by sinking themselves below the noble standard of right and honor. But while we pity the person we must be careful and not sympathize with the act.

When we feel ourselves wronged, there is a great deal of comfort in thinking that we are not the ones to blame: a feeling of injury is not half so hard to bear as a feeling of guilt.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong. Remember this, "I write benefits in marble." Impressions made in sand are very soon erased, while those sculptured in marble remain for a long time. How much better it is to treasure up and remember the good that we receive, than to let our thoughts dwell on that which makes us feel unhappy. The more we cultivate feelings of gratitude, the purer our hearts will grow, and the more will our minds be inspired by the Spirit of God. Gratitude to God for the daily blessings we receive from Him, and for the greater blessings of the gospel and eternal life, will expand and elevate our thoughts, and make us happy here, and prepare us to dwell with Him hereafter, in habitations not made with corruptible hands.

E. R. S.

HE that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul; but he that heareth reproof getteth understanding.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

JULY 1, 1867.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

ANY children, when they do something they think is wrong, are apt to try and conceal what they have done. And this is frequently the case with children who are naturally of a very good disposition. Children who fear to offend their parents and their teachers, dislike to have any of their bad actions come to their knowledge. They would like to have the approbation of these persons whom they love; they do not want to lose their good opinion. There is a motive, therefore, for concealment, and they are tempted to tell falsehoods and equivocate. It is the ignorance of children which makes this a temptation. When they get understanding, they will learn that the frank confession of a fault is far better than its concealment, and that instead of their friends thinking less of them because they confess their wrongs, they really think more of them, and have greater confidence in them.

You all, doubtless, have read the story of George Washington's ruining a valuable cherry tree, with a new ax that his father had given him. When questioned he did not attempt to conceal what he had done, but frankly owned that he had chopped the tree. This courage in telling the truth, though it exposed his wrong doing, endeared him to his father, and made him feel thankful that he had such a son. When children or grown people conceal their acts, and try to deceive, they destroy the confidence of their friends and those with whom they associate. There are many grown people who do this, and bad effects always follow. Probably they have learned this habit when they were children, and they ignorantly suppose that they can do better by taking such a course than by being candid. If these are their thoughts, they deceive themselves.

Whenever people are led to do or say something which they feel inclined to hide from the eyes and knowledge of their friends, they should stop and ask themselves if it is right. Angels are around us; they can see and hear all we do and say. They are God's ministers, and though men may not know what we say and do; we can not hide from their eyes. David says in his Psalms about the Lord (139, verses 8—12) "If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me."

Be candid and open with your parents and friends; be willing to tell them all you say and do, yes, even your very thoughts. Never conceal these things, and if you take this counsel you may be saved from many a folly and difficulty.

SOLOMON, whose great gift was wisdom, has said that "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Children, did you ever try the effect of a soft answer upon an angry school fellow or playmate? If you never did, just try it the first time one of your friends gets angry with you. We feel sure you will be

delighted with the result. Oh, how many quarrels would be saved if soft answers were given to angry expressions! "But," says one of our readers, "suppose one of my playmates is angry with me and threatens me, and I have done nothing to hurt him, must I bear it and answer him as though he were speaking pleasantly to me?" Yes; and if you do so, you will gain a greater victory over him than if you were to whip him.

The Spirit of the Lord is a meek and quiet and lowly Spirit. Those who are led by it are not quarrelsome and proud. They would rather suffer wrong than to do wrong. But there are many boys, and men too, who think they would be cowardly if they were not to resent angry expressions when they are made to them. They think that if they do not get mad and bristle up at such times, they do not show a proper spirit, and their friends may think that they are not brave.

Now, children, this is a wrong idea. It is no sign of courage for a person to get angry and indulge in a quarrelsome spirit because another person does so. A person who can return good for evil, and not descend to a mean, contemptible spirit when imposed upon, has true courage.

WE will not be able to furnish subscribers from this date with the back numbers of the present volume. This is a matter of regret to us, as we would be better pleased to supply every call made upon us. In this connection we wish to say to those who have subscribed for this volume, and received all the back numbers excepting the first four, that we shortly expect to reprint those numbers, and will then be able to supply them.

We still have a few complete sets of Volume One on hand, which we would like to dispose of.

CATECHISM FOR OUR JUVENILES.

Re-published from No. 12 with their answers:

61. What did the Prophet Joseph and the saints do to have their wrongs redressed?

Petitioned the Governor of the State, and the President of the United States, for redress, and sent a letter to Thomas H. Benton, United States Senator from Missouri, and in other ways sought to bring the facts before the authorities.

62. Were they successful in their applications to high authorities?

No; the State Government would not exert its power to restore the people to their homes; and the Parent Government said it could not interfere.

63. What did a notorious apostate do about this time, to injure Joseph?

He gathered up all the false and ridiculous stories that he could gather about Joseph and the Smith family, and sought by circulating them to stir up anger against Joseph and the Church.

64. Did he fully succeed in his designs?

No; his schemes and wickedness were defeated by the brethren's faith and prayers.

65. When did Joseph receive a command to gather up the strength of the Lord's house, and go up to redeem Zion?

In February, 1834.

66. When did he start from home to obtain volunteers for that purpose?

On the 26th of February, 1834.

67. To what office was he appointed by a council of elders before he departed?

Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of Israel, and leader of those who should volunteer to go and assist in the redemption of Zion.

68. When did the company start from Kirtland for Missouri?

On the 5th of May, 1834.

69. By what name is the company known in history?

Zion's Camp.

70. Name some prominent men, now living, who were in the company.

President Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, several of the Twelve Apostles, and other leading men.

The above was correctly answered by George B. Emery.

BIBLE QUESTIONS

INSERTED IN NUMBER 12, NOW RE-INSERTED WITH THEIR ANSWERS.

1. How old was Abram when the Lord called him out of Haran?

SEVENTY-FIVE. Genesis xii chap., 4 verse.

2. What relation was Lot to Abram.

ABRAM'S BROTHER'S SON. Genesis xiv chap., 12 verse.

3. What was the name of that king who blessed Abram and brought him bread and wine?

MELCHIZEDECK, KING OF SALEM, who was priest of the Most High God. Genesis xiv chap., 18 verse.

4. Why was Abram's name changed into Abraham?

BECAUSE GOD made him the father of many nations. Genesis xvii chap., 5 verse.

5. What was the covenant which God made between him and Abraham's seed?

CIRCUMCISION. Genesis xvii chap., 10 verse.

6. How old were Abraham and Ishmael when they were circumcised?

ABRAHAM was ninety-nine, and ISHMAEL thirteen. Genesis xvii chap., verses 24-25.

7. Who revealed the destruction of Sodom to Abraham?

THE LORD. Genesis xviii chap., 17 verse.

8. How many times did Abraham make intercession for the men thereof?

SIX TIMES. Genesis xviii chap., verses 24-31.

9. We find that Lot entertained two angels; what did the angels do to the vicious Sodomites when they tried to get the angels out of Lot's house? and what were the names of the four cities destroyed at this time?

THE LORD STRUCK THEM WITH BLINDNESS. Genesis xix chap., 11 verse; the names of the four cities were SODOM, GOMORRAH, ADMALL and ZEBOIM. Deuteronomy xxix chap., 23 verse.

The above questions were correctly answered by H. B. Emery and Susie A. Young.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

[CONTINUED.]

I HAVE thus briefly traced the rise and progress of our language down to a time when it may be said to be fairly formed; but by no means finished. Since those days it has undergone great changes, both in the manner of spelling and pronouncing words, also in the form of expression. To show my little readers how our language has changed since its formation, I will produce a few examples:—

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN THE YEAR A. D. 1380.

"Oure fadir that art in heuens
halwid be thi name;
thi kyngdom cumme to;
be thi wylle don as in heuen and in earthe;
gif to vs this day oure bread ouer other substance;
and forgue to vs oure dettis as we forgue to oure dettours;
and leede vs nat in to temptaciou,
but delyuere vs fro yuel. Amen."

My readers will perceive that the letter v was then used as we now use the letter u and the letter u was used as we now use v.

Here is another example of how words were spelled in the year A. D. 1534, one hundred and fifty-four years later:—

"O ure father which arte in heuen
Hallowed be thi name.
Let thy kyngdome come
Thy wylle be fulfilled; as well in earth as it ys in heven,
Geve vs this daye our dayly breade
And forgue vs oure trespasses, even as we forgue oure trespassers
And leade vs not in to temptaciou;
But delyuere vs from evell
For thyne is the kyngdome and the power
And the glorye for ever. Amen."

And here is another example, nearly one hundred years later than the above:—

"Our father which art in heauen
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come
Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heauen
Give vs this day our dayly bread
And forgive vs our debts, as we forgive our debtors
And leade vs not into temptation,
But deliver vs from evill:
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for euer,
Amen."

During this century great changes have also taken place. Many words have gone out of use, some have changed their meaning, and many new ones have been introduced. The late war in America introduced some new words, and the great progress in arts and sciences introduces them also. The American people use many words differently from the people of England, both in meaning and pronunciation. Also many words are spelled differently in England; for example, honor is spelled *honour*, labor is spelled *labour*, plow is spelled *plough*, etc.

Although there has been a great change in the spelling of words, it is doubtful whether the change has been much for the better. The method of spelling words two or three centuries ago seems very curious to us, still it is because we are not accustomed to it. Our present method of spelling is very bad indeed. Foreigners who study our language find it the greatest barrier they meet with in learning it, on account of our words not being pronounced as they are spelled, or in other words not being spelled by sound. There are but very few words in our language, which are pronounced as they are spelled. It is to be hoped that this will be remedied by making more changes for the better. By the present method it takes several years to learn to spell correctly; in fact I scarcely think any one ever learned to spell all the words in our language without an occasional mistake. If we should learn to spell by sound, on the principle of the Deseret alphabet and as short hand writers do, there would be very little time required to learn to spell, and the great amount of time saved could be applied to something else, and thus we could obtain a much better education in the same length of time than now. My little readers from the foregoing will see that our language is still unfinished, yet progressing, and its whole history cannot be written; but if they want to know more fully about what I have been telling them, they can read the history of England, and see for themselves how our language arose, for the history of a people is the history of its language.

W. W. R.

POLITENESS AT HOME.—Always speak with politeness and deference to your parents and friends. Some children are polite and civil everywhere else, except at home, but there they are coarse and rude. Shameful!

Nothing sits so gracefully upon children, nothing makes them look so lovely, as an habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards their friends and superiors. It makes the plainest face beautiful, and gives to every common action a nameless, but peculiar charm.

Selected Poetry.

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT.

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it, really;
Never let it be done by halves;
Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name,
Must be prompt and ready.

When father calls, though pleasant be
The play you are pursuing;
Do not say, "I'll come when I
Have finished what I'm doing."

When 'tis said, "you've eat enough,"
Don't reply, "O, mother!
Let me have just one cake more,
I won't ask another!"

If you're told to learn a task,
And you should begin it;
Don't tell your teacher, "yes,
I'm coming in a minute!"

Something waits, and you should now
Begin and go right through it;
Don't think, if put off a day,
You'll not mind to do it.

Waste not moments, nor your words,
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
For doing what you should do.

Don't do right unwillingly,
And stop to plan and measure;
'Tis working with the heart and soul,
That makes our duty pleasure.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

GARDENING.

SUMMER is here in all its beauty, with the bright sun shining, the clear, blue sky over head, the trees covered with green foliage, the springing grain, the opening roses, the beautiful flowers, and all nature rejoicing! Is not summer lovely?

Do you ever garden any, at this season of the year, my little reader? It is very pleasant to cultivate a little piece of ground; take care of a nice little bed of strawberries, and eat them when they are ripe; pull up the weeds that would soon cover the ground which you are cultivating if they were let alone; and watch the seeds you have planted springing up fresh and green, growing and ripening. Talking of weeds, do you ever notice how much care gardeners have to exercise to keep their gardens free from them; and how fast they grow if they are not pulled up when small, or cut down with the hoe.

Do you think you have a garden to watch and take care of, where bad weeds will grow very readily if it is not kept free from them? You have; and it is yourself.

"What, a little boy, or girl a garden!" you may be ready to exclaim. Even so; and I will tell you what the weeds are, and how to cultivate that garden, and have the good seeds grow strong and healthy.

Every bad thought and every naughty desire is a weed, which will grow fast if it is not plucked out and thrown away; so is every feeling of disobedience to your parents, every word spoken that is not true, and everything that is wrong, whether in word, or act, or thought. These foul weeds would soon overrun the garden of your mind, if they were not removed, so that nothing good, or lovely, or desirable would grow there.

Cultivate the good seeds that are planted in your garden, cultivate truth, and honor, and honesty, and virtue, obedience to parents and to the holy priesthood, a love of that which is holy and pure, a desire to do the will of God, a spirit of prayer, and a firm determination to do right. Then when the harvest time of life comes you will reap joy, and blessing, and honor, and happiness, and the friendship of the Lord and holy beings.

But if you allow the garden of your mind to be overrun in the summer of life, with weeds, or evil thoughts, which produce bad words and wicked actions, none of these blessings will be yours; you will have vile and noxious things only for your crop, and bitterness of soul for misspent time.

Childhood is the spring-time of life, the time when people plant and sow, and when both seeds and weeds begin to make their appearance. Pluck up the weeds before they can grow strong and large, strengthened by the summer sun of manhood or womanhood; and then your mind, like a trim and well kept garden, will have nothing growing in it, but good thoughts, good feelings, and good desires, which will produce good actions, and make you a blessing to yourself and to others, and insure you the love of the Lord.

THE HORSE AND STAG.—A horse and stag were grazing together on the prairie, when to their terror, they perceived the grass to be on fire, and the flames approaching rapidly.

"What shall we do," said the stag, "to escape being roasted alive?"

"For my part," said the horse, "I know of but one way to escape; we must meet the danger boldly."

So saying, he rushed at the top of his speed toward the advancing flames, and a single bound placed him beyond danger.

The stag, in mortal fear, fled in the opposite direction, and the flames overtaking him, he miserably perished.

The horse afterwards returning, found the body of his friend stretched out upon the blackened plain, and pausing beside it, thus moralized:

"Alas! my friend, your fleetness of foot proved your ruin, since you had not courage to move in the right direction. How much better boldly to face danger, than to flee, panic-stricken at its approach. Fear kills, while assurance is safety.—*Paul Peregrine.*

ALWAYS BUSY.—The more a man accomplishes, the more he may. An active tool never grows rusty. You always find those men who are the most forward to do good, or to improve the times and manners, always busy. Who starts our railroads, our steamboats, our machine-shops, and our manufactories? Men of industry and enterprise. As long as they live they work, doing something to benefit themselves and others. It is just so with a man who is benevolent—the more he gives the more he feels like giving. We go in for activity—in body, in mind, in everything. Let the gold grow not dim, nor the thoughts become stale. Keep all things in motion. We would rather that death should find us sealing a mountain than sinking in a mire—breasting a whirlpool, than sneaking from a cloud.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

ROTHER PATTEN and his company rode for the ford of Crooked river. When near there, they dismounted, and marched towards the ford. They did not know exactly where the mob was encamped; but a shot from the picket guard of the mob, which inflicted a mortal wound on one of the brethren, gave them notice that they were near. In the fight which ensued, one of the brethren—Brother Gideon Carter—was killed, and several were wounded. Brother David W. Patten was also wounded in the bowels. From this wound he died that night. He was an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ and a faithful servant of God. He fell a victim to mobocracy—slain by the wicked. For the crimes which they committed against the truth and the anointed of the Lord, they have already been terribly scourged. The anger of the Lord has been poured out upon them. They were told that this would be the case; but they ridiculed those who made such predictions. Brother David W. Patten with his faithful brethren will yet sit as judges of those wicked murderers, and pronounce sentence upon them! What will then be their feelings of horror and remorse when they look upon the men whom they have persecuted!

There was great excitement through Ray county, the report having spread that the Saints were intending to sack and burn Richmond, and the people fled from that place in every direction. Reports to this effect were spread by Bogart's men. The cry went up from many of the enemies of the Saints that they (the Saints) must be exterminated or all be expelled from the State. Boggs, the Governor, listened to every story, however absurd, that was told against the Saints. Reports reached him, so he said, that the "Mormons" had expelled the inhabitants of Daviess county from their homes, had pillaged and burnt their dwellings, driven off their stock, were destroying their crops, and burned to ashes the towns of Mill Port and Gallatin, including in the latter town the clerk's office and all the public records of the county! He ordered two thousand men to be raised. The object that he wished to accomplish, as he stated, was to re-instate the people of Daviess county in their homes. Not the Latter-day Saints. Their cries and sufferings never touched his flinty heart. Though the mob should murder them in the most frightful and barbarous manner, he would not move a finger to save them. But how quickly he exerted himself when the lies reached his ears which the mobbers told him about the actions of the Saints. He lost not a moment in putting troops in motion to operate against them. The above order Governor Boggs issued on the 26th of October, 1838.

The next day, on the 27th, he issued another order to General John B. Clark. In this order he told Clark not to go to Daviess; but urged him to hasten his operations and endeavor to reach Richmond, in Ray county, with all possible speed. He gave him authority to increase his force to any extent he might think necessary, and he was to operate against the "Mormons." A more atrocious document than this, to which we now refer was never penned. It is known in our history as "Governor Boggs's exterminating order." It covered the writer with

everlasting infamy. The name of Lilburn W. Boggs will always be held as that of one of the most bloody and cruel tyrants which ever held power on the earth. "The Mormons," said he, "must be treated as enemies, and must be exterminated or driven from the State, if necessary, for the public good. Their outrages are beyond all description." Not content with saying that they must be exterminated—that is, utterly destroyed—or driven from the State, he said in this document that he had ordered a force of one thousand men to unite at the northern part of Daviess county, "for the purpose of intercepting the retreat of the Mormons to the north." He was determined that the Saints should not escape him. They were to be surrounded on all sides. It was in his heart to destroy them root and branch, if he could do so.

Boggs had been engaged in mobbing the Saints when they lived in Jackson county. He had become hardened at the business of opposing the truth and shedding the blood of innocence. It was probably his hatred to the truth and his murderous, blood-thirsty disposition that enabled him to obtain the votes necessary to make him Governor.

His exterminating order aroused every mobber in the State. Like beasts and birds of prey, they hastened to the feast which they thought awaited them. Great excitement prevailed, and mobs were heard of in every direction. They seemed to be determined on the destruction of the Saints. They burned houses, destroyed fields of corn, drove off all the cattle they could find, took many prisoners and threatened death to all "Mormons." On the 28th of October, 1838, David R. Atchison and Samuel D. Lucas, major generals of the Missouri militia, in a joint letter to Governor Boggs, stated that "from late outrages committed by the Mormons, civil war is inevitable. They have set the laws of the country at defiance, and are in open rebellion." They also stated that they had about two thousand men to hold them (the Saints) in check, and they urged Boggs to come as soon as possible and join them in his capacity as commander-in-chief.

If you have carefully read what we have written, children, you will see what black falsehoods these men wrote, and how all the men who took an active part against the Saints sought by circulating lying reports to justify their own base conduct.

If they had told the truth, they could not have accused the Saints of doing anything more than worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences. This every man in this republic has a right to do, so long as he does not interfere with his neighbor's rights. The Governor and other leading men knew that they were false to their oaths when they went themselves or permitted others to go against the Saints to disturb them. They were traitors to their country, its constitution and its laws, and merited severe punishment for their conduct. They could only excuse themselves for their outrages by circulating all manner of reports about the Saints and calling them bad names. But this was a miserable excuse; because, if the Saints had done wrong, mobbing them, burning their houses, destroying their property and killing them, were not the proper punishments. Missouri had a constitution and laws. If a man stole, or committed evil, he could be punished for it. The law did not say he was to be mobbed, to be exterminated, or driven from the State for so doing. By using violence of this kind, Governor Boggs, and those who acted with him, confessed to the world that they could not do anything against the Saints legally. The Saints had broken no law.

THE Lord is far from the wicked; but he hears the prayers of the righteous.

PRIDE goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

Original Poetry.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

BE ACTIVE.

Store your minds with useful knowledge,
Search for all that savors truth,
Let no time pass by neglected,
In the sunny days of youth.

Be, however, calm and careful—
Measure every step you tread,
Adopt as yours the odd man's* motto—
"Know you're right, then go ahead."

There's no royal road to greatness,
Honor, power and endless fame;
Young and old, the king and beggar,
Side by side can walk the same.

As your fathers, you must labor,
Heavy burdens must be borne,
They have fought in Truth's advances,
You must fight and share the scorn.

On life's densely crowded highway,
Millions there require your aid;
Now's the time to nerve for action,
Ere youth's blossoms on you fade.

God will bless your every effort
Souls made glad shall homage pay,
Angels love to see you toiling,
Persevere, then, day by day.

Great Salt Lake City.

ALEXANDER ROSS.

* Mr. David Crocket, a native of America, noted for his eccentric habits and witty sayings.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

OUR last talk closed with the subject of the weight of the air. We propose now to show you some of the effects of this pressure of fifteen pounds, which the weight of the air makes on every square inch of the surface of bodies at the level of the ocean. If we were to climb to the top of a mountain, or go up by a balloon, we should find the pressure diminishing very rapidly, and the air becoming so light and thin that we could scarcely breathe it.

The air is the means by which the earth is watered, and this is greatly influenced by the weight, or pressure of the atmosphere. Water dissolves in the air, and in this condition is carried from place to place, and we can not see it. Take a glass of clear water and put a teaspoonfull of salt into it—now watch it till the salt all disappears. We cannot see it, yet it is there; for if we boil the water away the salt will appear again just as it was before it was put into the water. When the salt was in the water and could not be seen, we say it was in *solution*, and when it appears again we say it is *precipitated*. You will please remember these words and their meanings.

Now, if you put more salt into the glass of water, you will find, after awhile that it will not dissolve any more. Then we say, the water is *saturated* with salt. The quantity of salt which water can dissolve is called the measure of its *capacity* for salt.

We will apply all this to the air; for it can hold water in solution, and while in this condition the water can neither be

seen nor felt. Hang a wet cloth in the air, and in a short time all the water has disappeared, and the cloth is dry. It has gone off in solution in the air, just as the salt disappeared in the water. This dissolving of water in the air is called *evaporation*. The rapidity of evaporation depends on three conditions, to-wit: The heat of the air, its pressure, and its dryness.

If the air was as hot as boiling water, our rivers, and lakes, and seas, would soon all be dried up, for the water would all go off in solution in the air. But if the air had no weight, the same thing would take place at the common heat of summer. If we remove the pressure of the air from water, it boils at about blood heat. So we have rivers and lakes, because the pressure of the atmosphere keeps them from evaporating through the heat of summer.

On the tops of mountains, and on high table lands, the pressure of the air is so much reduced, that it is difficult to make water hot enough to cook with; and such table lands are nearly always deserts, on account of the rapid evaporation of the water, from the diminished pressure of the atmosphere.

If the air had no weight, the blood, and all the fluids of our body, would rush through the pores of our skin, and be evaporated from the surface. Persons going up to the tops of very high mountains have had severe bleeding from the nose, ears, and even from the surface of the skin, from this cause. So the great load of air we carry about with us is a great blessing.—*The Little Sower.*

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CHARADES.

BY ALFRED GARDNER.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1, 5, 8, is a part of the body.
My 2, 13, 9, is the name of a fowl.
My 4, 5, 12, 7, is a mineral.
My 1, 10, 11, 3, is what we should all prove to be.
My 6, 13, 4, is a support to man and beast.
My whole should guide the conduct of every saint.

BY C. S.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 4, 11, 7, 5, 10, 12, are rather scarce in Utah.
My 15, 5, 12, 3, 12, is a leader in Israel.
My 9, 8, 6, 13, is the name of a Governor of Illinois.
My 15, 11, 1, 3, is an ancient coin.
My 12, 10, 14, 6, 13, is often used in battle.
My whole is a popular doctrine in Deseret.

The answers to the Charades in number 11 are THE DESERET NEWS and PLURALITY. The following sent us correct answers:—Joseph Tavey, John E. Callister, Geo. W. Callister, W. J. Lewis, E. A. Bean, J. H. Parry, Olive Proctor, Percile Ashman, Giles B. Lang, Alfred G. White, A. R. Miller, E. Miller, Annie M. Jarvis, M. A. Morris, Arta Young, Eliza J. Druce, Malsie Winder.

Truth will never die.

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